

Craig Owens

"A Poem By Adam Wolfson"

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I'm not trying to be your man.
I'm just trying to make you understand
The point.
It's cold as hell in November in Detroit.
Even though it's Saturday, I'm staying in tonight.

Did you think you had it coming, did you think you had
it right?
Did you think that you were wonderful and miserable
tonight?
You say you didn't mean it. But I think you didn't care.
Cause to my face and before your God, this what you
swear...

"Fuck yourself and fuck your family."
"Fuck yourself and fuck your family."

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